

THE REPUBLIC.

WASHINGTON:

TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1853.

The Balance of Power against the Balance of Interest.

When the rapacious designs of that imperial robber, Russia, were made evident, the powers of continental Europe set up a simultaneous threat of war for the purpose of scaring the eagle from his prey; but as this does not seem to have had that effect, they content themselves with expressing their condemnation of the act without incurring the consequences of active intervention.

It now seems probable that Russia will be permitted to pursue her ill-disguised aggressions without any other opposition than a protest upon the part of other nations. So far as the justice of this aggression may rest upon reasoning, Russia may readily establish against all the protesting powers precedents for her conduct similar to that which she has thrown in the teeth of France in regard to the intervention of the latter in the religious affairs of Greece as late as 1830. Indeed, as there is no conceivable case of foreign rapine or domestic oppression which has not its parallel in the past history of any European power, not one of them can cast the first stone at Russia, iniquitous as her conduct undoubtedly is. The question of peace or war has become upon the part of those powers a calculation of policy.

Although orders may have been given to the fleets of England and France upon the Black Sea to sustain the Porte, and possibly subsidies may be furnished to aid him, we begin to doubt whether there will be a combined military invasion of the territory of Russia. The principal powers who were lately spoken of as allies against Russia, seem disinclined to carry out their belligerent intentions. The English papers are divided upon the propriety of an armed intervention, and France manifests no disposition to do more than offer her services as a mediator in the difficulties. We think the tenor of advice given to the Porte by the crafty statesmen who govern the great nation will be to compromise, or even to yield to, the demands of the Czar. There are reasons why continental Europe is indisposed to a general war at this time. France and Germany have long fermented with ideas of freedom, which want of opportunity and the vigilance of power has alone prevented from occasioning political disturbance. The ultimate effects of a general war cannot be foreseen. The return to their respective countries of active and ambitious leaders, distinguished for their prowess, and sustained by millions of discharged soldiers, has always been fraught with political perils. Besides, nations are now compelled to count the cost of warfare, because the pressure of taxation and the interruption of commercial relations stimulates distaste among their citizens and produces domestic embarrassment of a most serious character.

Such considerations are now more potent than formerly, and obviously operate upon the two great powers who organize continental action upon the Russo-Turkish policy. Indeed, going to the opposite extreme against intervention, we should not be surprised at the private participation of some of those powers in the contemplated spoliation of the magnificent, but comparatively feeble power, with whom Russia has so successfully picked a quarrel.

Finding that the domestic risk of intervention is such as to render the occupation of the ports and provinces of Turkey, or even the subjugation of her empire, more advantageous than a long, bloody, and doubtful war to prevent it, the calculating diplomatists of Europe may abandon the mighty Ottoman empire to the storm, and betake themselves to wrecking for the fragments of her destruction.

The theory of Europe used to be to study the balance of power. It is now to calculate the balance of interest.

THE BALTIMORE CLIPPER.—A change has taken place in the editorial department of the Baltimore Clipper. Mr. SAMUEL BARNES, its editor for many years, having retired, after introducing to the readers of the paper his successor, Mr. THOMAS C. CONNOLLY, latterly of this city, though a native of Baltimore. Mr. BARNES's editorial course has been, in many respects, highly creditable, and his articles have always been marked with vigor of thought and clearness of language. Mr. CONNOLLY is well known to our citizens as a writer of ability, and is well fitted for the place to which he has been called. We wish him all success.

THE LATE JOHN PRICE WETHERILL.—Most, if not all, of the Philadelphia papers of yesterday morning are warm in the praise of Mr. J. Price Wetherill, whose decease was announced in our paper of yesterday. Mr. Wetherill, who was ever an enthusiastic and unwavering Whig, contracted his last illness in attending President Pierce to New York, in behalf of the Councils of Philadelphia. He is said to have been a man of eccentric habits, but of great benevolence of character, which an ample fortune enabled him frequently to manifest.

EX-GOVERNOR N. P. TALLMADGE delivered lectures at Fond du Lac on the evenings of the 13th and 14th instant on Spiritual Manifestations, in the course of which, as we learn from the *Herald* of that place, he denounced the press of the United States very freely for their opposition to and ridicule of the belief and alleged manifestations of the rappers.

DR. ROBERT BUTLER, Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Virginia, died on Friday at his residence in Richmond. He was in every sense an upright and kind-hearted gentleman, and was esteemed by a wide circle of personal friends.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—A collision occurred on Lake Erie on Friday night between the steamers St. Lawrence and Quebec City. The boats were much injured, but the passengers escaped unhurt.

UNITED STATES STEAMER PRINCETON.—The steamer Princeton is undergoing repairs at Portsmouth, N. H., but it is said it will be impossible to get her ready to start for the fishing grounds before the latter part of next week.

FRANCIS M. ORME, formerly a merchant of this city, and who was reported to have died in the harbor of San Francisco, has arrived safely at Sydney, New South Wales.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, July 25, 1853.

Newspaper folk are to have a good time here this fall, according to present prospects. The Union is in for the campaign—so long as the munitions of war hold out. But Beverly Tucker—opposed to all monopolies, and especially aggrieved that a Democratic Administration should be compelled to give a monopoly of its patronage to one establishment, because there is no other to claim a share of it—is preparing to launch his editorial larder as soon as the autumn breezes begin to blow. His self-sacrificing, devoted spirit will probably meet a substantial reward. The public printing—supposed to yield almost fabulous fortunes to the lucky recipients—may be divided between the respective houses of York and Lancaster; or General Armstrong may for once consider discretion the better part of valor, and pension off his formidable rival with a cool \$50,000 as the price of his peace. Mr. Tucker is believed to have secured a very handsome capital to start upon—some say sixty or seventy thousand dollars—as much, probably, as he can manage to sink in the newspaper business, with proper management, in one whole year. But when one considers the amount of fraternal feeling, good will, and harmony of purpose and plan to be incited in the "unit" party, by the amiable rivalry between the two "organs" that are to be, one must not be a little startled in view of the effect sixty or seventy thousand dollars can produce within the brief limits of a twelvemonth. *Nous verrons*, as Father Ritchie used to say.

And then there is still another newspaper project on foot, in which the head of a Government bureau is understood to be interested. Its object is the establishment of another Southern press in this city. Of course the Democratic party came together on the Baltimore platform, and resolved all its discordant elements and factions into a committee of the whole. Free-soilers and Southern-rights men; Barnburners and Hunkers, are nothing now but "Democrats." They are all united in one body, and quite as inseparable as the Siamese twins. Nevertheless, they find it quite impossible to lie in the same sheets. It's all very well to talk about, but practical amalgamation between the factions is quite impossible in fact. So the Southern Rights, or secession wing, want an organ here, and will have it, too, if they can raise the funds. They are more provident than friend Tucker, and are not disposed to open shop until they get advance subscriptions amounting to \$200,000. If they can get the money they will be apt to make the Southern press an institution—for the interest on half the capital will support the editors, and the remaining one hundred thousand, with what they can get out of Congress and the Government, will keep up the establishment for years. Circulars soliciting subscriptions are now being sent out with great secrecy and caution. If the thing fails, it is deemed desirable that the circular should not be made public. It is said to be quite a curiosity of its kind. Won't somebody supply us with a copy? We feel an intense anxiety to gratify the curiosity our paragraph is likely to excite.

There is not a little complaint in clerical circles with reference to the examinations of candidates for Government clerkships. The theory of examinations is a very good one; but there is not a little danger that the system will be taken advantage of by examining boards to gratify personal piques of any of their members, or to carry out schemes of favoritism. There is no question the examinations have been faithfully and beneficially instituted in many bureaus; but ceaseless vigilance can alone prevent its abuse. I hear, to-day, of a case where a gentleman who had filled acceptably the situation of clerk of the supreme court of a State, and was three times elected State comptroller, was rejected for incompetency to a clerkship in the Third Auditor's Office. There may be circumstances in the case of which the public know nothing, but it certainly seems a little singular that one who had filled such important positions in a sovereign State should be incompetent to the duties of a clerkship.

Alfred Gilmore, of Pennsylvania, has peremptorily declined the Bordeaux Consulate. He aspired to the Valparaiso Consulate, and felt much aggrieved when that was assigned to another. Since then he has held off, backing and filling, never formally accepting or declining the place until to-day, as I am informed. I suppose he has been waiting to see what Mr. Buchanan would finally do—hoping, perhaps, that if he concluded not to accept the English mission, there might be some chance of a better place for Pennsylvania, and that he [Mr. G.] might profit thereby. Old Buck disappointed him, however, in that particular, and in despair, Mr. Gilmore perpetrated political suicide.

News has been received at the Navy Department from Commodore Stringham at Constantinople. He did not bring Mr. Marsh back with him to the latter port. The last advice from Mr. Marsh as to the 8th June, at which time he was still at Athens. No written communication had yet been received from the Greek government in reply to Mr. Marsh's demand in the Dr. King case. The United States corvette *Levant* and the *St. Louis* were at the Pireus, and would be ordered to await the termination of the negotiations, when the United States Minister was expected to return in the *Levant* to Constantinople. When Commodore Stringham received news of the death of Vice President King, he caused the usual testimonials of respect to be observed on board the flag-ship of the squadron, in which ceremonies the Russian and Greek vessels in the Pireus joined. No mention is made by the Commodore of the salute fired on board the *Cumberland*, in honor of Baron Bruck, the Austrian envoy to Constantinople, mentioned by M. Kossovitch in his letter to the *New York Daily Times*, published on Saturday last. As well as I can ascertain, there was no necessity for the salute, according to the rules of etiquette, unless there were some circumstances in the case of which we have yet no explanation. Commodore Stringham's friends feel satisfied that he will explain the matter satisfactorily, although he failed to allude to it in his letters dated the day after the salute so severely condemned was fired.

The serenade to Mr. Soule came off this evening, and quite a crowd of "Young Americans" honored the occasion, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather.

Mr. Buchanan sails for Liverpool a week from next Saturday.

Mr. Soule leaves the city to-morrow.

Mr. Seibles, the Charge to Belgium, is in the city, en route for his post.

Paris Correspondence of the Republic.

PARIS, July 11, 1853.

Things begin to look serious at Constantinople, and people begin to think that Nicholas has been from the beginning bent upon war. A short time ago the question was doubtfully asked, Will his troops cross the Pruth? And now it is even feared that they will cross the Danube, next in order. The accounts from St. Petersburg represent the joy of the inhabitants, on learning of the order of the Czar to his army, as very great. They broke out into transports of enthusiasm; the population went en masse into the streets, which had been illuminated for the occasion, and when the Czar appeared, they raised loud acclamations and fell on their knees, in order to render a fanatical homage to the defender of the orthodox faith and of Russian honor. The lower classes carried their enthusiasm to such an extent that they danced before the carriage of the Emperor to manifest their joy. So says a letter from Stettin. The mediation of Austria, it is rumored, is likely to turn out rather a case of intermeddling than of mediation—its intervention being, of course, in favor of Russia. To accept the services of Austria as a mediator always seemed to me supremely ridiculous. I should as soon have thought of getting the guillotine to mediate between me and execution; or to employ the kind offices of a hangman, a grizzly bear, or a wildcat, to ward off impending danger. But all this is hardly the business of a Parisian correspondent. The imbrolio only touches my specialty at the corners and the very outmost edge of its circumference. The manufacturers and the wholesale trades-people here do not relish the Eastern question at all. It is interfering considerably with their business; for insurance is higher, freights are difficult, and all sorts of obstacles are looming up in their way. Their opinion of diplomatists and cabinets is a good deal damaged, and we hear any quantity of disloyalty expressed. The Bourne goes up and down, without any good reason for rise or fall. Day before yesterday the speculators learned by telegraph from London, at half-past one, that consols were looking down. Four-and-a-halfs looked down at once. At half-past two they learned from Vienna that the metallics were looking up. Four-and-a-halfs looked up immediately. And this is, in very few words, what dabbbling in stocks amounts to just now in Paris.

Happening to be the other night at a *reunion* where the company was exclusively English, I was astonished and amused to find that the opinion was quite universally entertained that Louis Napoleon had gone to the length of his tether, and that things were approaching a crisis. It seemed to be acknowledged by all that he was unanimously detested, and that the people were getting tired of him. This is representing the case in rather a strong light. It would be better to say that, though everybody dislikes him, nobody is tired of him. Nobody wants another revolution, as far as I can see. A street revolution just now would be a bloody and a desperate one, for one reason, if for no other: the large thoroughfares have been macadamized, to deprive insurrection of all barricade materials, and yet there is not a street in town which cannot now furnish a ton of the most beautiful blocks for barring-out purposes possible to conceive of. There are houses partly torn down at every corner, and loads of stone cumber the roads at every step. Barricades are ready-made everywhere. The Rue de Rivoli is a consecutive mile of entrenchments; the Boulevard de Strasbourg is a strong line of breastworks; the central markets are a solid concentration of forts; the walls of the new Louvre, ten feet above ground, and covering twenty acres of land, would shelter an army of rioters; and there would be no possibility of dislodging them except by razing the edifice. The Crystal Palace would hold not merely an army, but many armies—the allied army even. All this is anything but desirable, but it would be the natural consequence of being tired of Louis Napoleon. There would of course be a fight for the succession. It is better to bear evils that we have than to fly to others that we know not of; or rather—as Hamlet's language does not exactly suit the case—to fly to others that we already know too much about. No one likes Louis Napoleon, and yet few desire his untimely removal. I have known people willing to have the measles during cholera time, as the least of two evils. Louis Napoleon is a tumor which cannot be eradicated without danger to the body corporate. People may thus come to look upon a tumor at least with respect and deference, if not with affection and esteem. My English friends were wrong in supposing that we had used up all our rope, and were dangling over a crisis.

The scarcity of lodgings and the high price of such as are to be had have been severely felt by the inhabitants of Paris for some months. We have now some interesting official figures on the subject. The scarcity and dearness are owing to two causes: the increase of the foreign resident population, with the inauguration of the Empire, and the demolition of houses for the passage of the Rue de Rivoli, the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the isolation of the markets, &c., which turned 22,000 families out of house and home. At this moment there are only 3,000 apartments (suites of rooms) vacant in Paris; the average number is 30,000, and in summer it is even higher. But a large number of houses are in course of construction, so large that building stone has on several occasions given out. It is concluded from authentic data that between now and next April 32,000 suites of rooms will be ready for occupation. I trust this will bring prices down for landlords have hung their heads lately on rather a lofty peg. Every tenant in the city, I think it may be fairly said, has had his rent raised in proportion to the price he already paid. Apartments of 10,000 francs are now let for 13,000; and poor bed-ridden women at the barriers that paid twenty dollars a year for a garret must now pay twenty-two. Tenants that were fortunate enough to take a nine years' lease two years ago at the prices then prevalent can now make their fortune by relinquishing their bargain.

The new General of the Jesuits, just elected at Rome, is an Austrian by inhabitancy, and a Belgian by nature. Of the twenty-one Generals of the Order, from Loyola downward, not one has been a Frenchman.

The Hippodrome finds the weather too hot for its midday performances, and has obtained the consent of the Minister of State to give its representations in the evening. They begin at eight and last till ten. The first part is executed by daylight, the second half is fantastic, ghostly, unearthly, and takes place under the light of lamps, burning in a new style, and kindled after a novel method. The exercises are such as may be performed to such an accompaniment without inconsistency—such as Macbeth and the Witches, the Escape of Tam O'Shanter, Giles Scroggins's Ghost, Leila's Lamp, and the Will-o'-the-Wisp in the cornfield.

Meyerbeer is in Paris, occupied in reviewing

and revising his opera of *L'Africaine*, which the Academy of Music promises positively now for next winter. Madame Ugalde, for some years the bright particular star of the Opera Comique, has been engaged at the very flimsy and farcical theatre of the Variétés. It is to be presumed that her voice is impaired, and that she no longer feels able to keep herself up to the exertion required of her at the Salle Favart. A German paper gives the following account of "how a good singer may be spoiled." Roger concluded a series of performances at Breslau by *La Dame Blanche*. At the fall of the curtain he recalled five times, and the stage was showered with bouquets and poetry. When he left the theatre a crowd surrounded him and welcomed him with vivats and hurrahs, and other uproarious demonstrations. The band of the first regiment of cuirassiers escorted his carriage to his hotel, where the band of the tenth regiment of infantry was drawn up. Within the building were the friends and admirers of the tenor, assembled to take leave of him. The chorus of the theatre sang alternately with the military music of the bands. The paper thinks that this would be enough to turn the head of the profoundest of philosophers, and that nobody ought to wonder at the eccentricities sometimes exhibited by our artists.

Moliere's *Don Juan* has been revived at the Comedie Francaise, and portions of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* are adapted to it. I do not find it an improvement; for music in a play, as an under-ground accompaniment, a sort of rustle or rumble or rattle, while the actors are speaking, is to me nothing less than intrusive.

The little theatre of the Delapenseu Comiques has produced a comic review of the half year, written under peculiar circumstances. The theatre had failed; the manager had retired; the actors were doing the best they could on the social principle of everybody being equal and all being captains at the same time. This was poor business, and they hardly paid their expenses. The Society of Dramatic Authors came to their relief. Twenty-five of them clubbed together, and each one furnished a scene. The whole was melted down into a homogeneous mass by two authors who had held themselves in reserve. The success was complete, and the solutions of continuity not too startling. It took five minutes to announce the names of the writers at the conclusion of the play.

Under the Port Neuf the current of the Seine is rapid, and as the bed of the river is narrow at this point, a large quantity of the water passes in a small compass. Owing to the difficulties of this strait, the navigators call it the *Arche du Diable*. A paper speaking of it the other day, said that the flow of the water resembled that of some of the larger American rivers! Probably the rapids of the Ohio! or the torrential majestic glide of the Mississippi! A skilful pilot has been appointed to the station by the Prefect of the Seine, though we would think that a Prefect of the Seine ought to be able to pilot rats and flat-boats through the Devil's pass, himself. It will not do to speak lightly of this place, however, for though the river is not six rods wide there, yet it is sometimes violent, destructive and subversive. A raft composed of uncut fire-wood—the tall stems of trees being interlaced and roughly fastened together—undertook to force the passage a day or two ago without a pilot. The result was much the same as if a fleet should try to worry through the Dardanelles without a frigate from the Porte. It was dashed against the bridge, split into a river full of fragments, and the six men that were on it were dropped hither and thither in the stream. The men were rescued, but the splintered raft kept on with the current. It has doubtless arrived at Havre by this time, and probably perplexes the navigators there severely, by continually getting in their way.

The American panorama of an overland journey from St. Louis to San Francisco, and a return home by the Isthmus and the Prometheus, is succeeding flatteringly at the Salle Barthelemy. It takes three hours to unravel; and, during the singularly hot evenings that we are having just now, this is a discouraging circumstance. When its attraction begins to diminish, a vaudeville written for the circumstance, and in some way connected with the scenes exhibited in the panorama, will be played in connexion with it. There will be but two characters in it. The author, I presume, is not acquainted with any of the episodes of the overland emigration, or he might introduce with propriety the wheelbarrow-man. That determined pedestrian, who did the whole distance on foot, would have reason to be surprised at seeing himself on a stage.

We have just had an extraordinary trial here, which merits more than a passing mention. The Tribunal of Correctional Police has been occupied with the case of a person calling himself Prince de Gonzague, Duke de Mantua, for swindling, illegally wearing decorations, and remaining in France, though a foreigner, after an order had been given for his expulsion. Amongst the titles he gave himself were these: Alexander Andrew Prince of Gonzague and Castiglione, sovereign and legitimate Duke of Mantua, Guastalla, Pozzoli, and Solferino, Marquis of Luzzara, Count of Alessandria de Murzynowski, Baron of Nemtadt, Grand Master of the Order of the Redemption, of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, of the Order of Devotedness, of the Feminine Order of Maria Elisa de Mantua, of the Order of the Four Emperors, of the Order of the Lion of Holstein, and of the Feminine Order of Saint Elizabeth of the Visitation. He also, at times, represented himself as a General of Cavalry, an officer of the Legion of Honor, a knight of the Order of Stanislas and St. Anne of Russia, of the military Order of Poland, and of the Order of Stanislas of Salm-Kirburg.

He is of military appearance, and wears a large moustache. His button-hole was ornamented with a ribbon of various colors. After the police, on the receipt of numerous complaints, commenced investigations respecting him he went to England, where he passed himself off as a claimant for the principalities and estates of the Mantua family. He addressed papers in support of his pretensions to the sovereigns of Europe and to the peers and deputies of France; and he published pamphlets stating that his reason for leaving France was that the police, at the instigation of Austria, wanted to deprive him of the papers which prove his princely descent. In 1846 he wrote a letter to that effect to M. Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs. After a short stay in England, he went to Genoa, from whence he returned to Paris in 1852. On the fifth day of that year he was ordered to leave France, but as he did not do so was arrested. A search in his lodgings led to the discovery of papers which caused him to be prosecuted for swindling.

M. Lacabanne, professor at the Ecole des Chartes, said that he had been charged to make out the genealogy of the family of Gonzague of Mantua, to which the accused pretended to belong, and that only one branch of it existed—that of Gonzague Vescorato, and it was in Spain. This witness was decidedly of opinion that the accused had no right to represent himself as heir

to the princes of Gonzague. And even if he were, he had no right to award decorations; fallen princes never exercised such a power—it belonged exclusively to sovereign families actually reigning. Besides, Louis III., the last Prince of Gonzague, did not call himself Grand Master of the Order of the Redemption, and the order became extinct at the same time as the duchy, and since then no one had been nominated to it. As to the Order of the Immaculate Conception, it was the same as that of the Redemption. The Order of the Four Emperors had no serious existence, and that of the Lion of Holstein was extinct.

Among the witnesses was a M. Lestrelat. He stated that he had given Lardin, an agent of Gonzague's, 500 francs and a cigar-case on being created a Knight of Prince de Gonzague's Order of the Redemption. M. Lagarrique, a schoolmaster, said that the Prince had visited his establishment, and as a mark of his gracious approbation, had raised him to the dignity of Knight of the Order of Merit and Devotedness. He had not paid anything, but Lardin had told him that he ought to give 300 francs. M. Laroue deposed that he had been created a Knight of the Redemption and of the Lion of Holstein, as remuneration for some writing he had done for the Prince. M. Norbert said he had accepted the Cross of the Order of Devotedness, and had paid 300 francs for it; also that he had procured it for a friend named Thorel, and had paid 500 francs for it, but that Thorel had not accepted it, as he could not obtain an authorization from the government to wear it. M. Chevalier, a manufacturer of kitchen utensils, said he had given 600 francs for the decoration of the Lion of Holstein, had supplied goods to the amount of 1,000 francs for that of the Redemption, and to oblige the Prince, had endorsed a bill of exchange for 5,000 francs. The witness added that his father some years before had been created a Knight of the Redemption and a baron by the accused. M. Detouches, a jeweller and watchmaker, stated that the Prince had visited his establishment, and, as he said, in accordance with the custom of his ancestors, had created him a Knight of the Redemption, for which he paid 800 francs and made a present of jewelry. M. Jorgenson, a tradesman, said that he had been created a Knight of the Redemption in return for a box of gloves and a dinner at the Maison d'Or; he had, however, the weakness to endorse bills to the amount of 4,000 francs to pay the expense of bringing the Princess Gonzague from Italy. A hatter named Allain, and a dentist named Darboville, stated that they had severally been created Knights of the Redemption on the payment of 500 francs and 800 francs.

In his defence, Gonzague peremptorily denied that he had received money for the grant of his decorations, and expressed astonishment when a tariff, fixing the price of the different grades of his Orders of the Redemption and of Devotedness was produced, and proved to have been drawn up by his secretary.

He denied many other things; and when in difficulties about his name, he said, "You sometimes say that I am not Murzynowski, and sometimes that I am not Gonzague; then I suppose I am the son of the devil?" The accused then went on to declare that he had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1814, though he was not inscribed in the official register. He demanded that a horse should be brought to the court-yard, that he might give proof that he knew how to ride as an officer of cavalry.

After a very full trial, he was condemned to three years' imprisonment and 3,000 francs' fine. The completion of the Place de la Concorde has been decided upon by the municipal council. New lamps are to be put up and better facilities for lighting this immense space are to be obtained. The parterres, which have taken the place of the sunken gardens, now filled up, are to be planted with shrubs and flowers. 60,000 francs were voted for these improvements. This the city of Paris pays. The State is to pay for a plan by which the public may be admitted by means of steps from the place to the terrace of the Garden of the Tuilleries, from which 100,000 people may witness ceremonies upon the space below.

The budget for the year is \$11,000,000, and in some way or other it has been made to balance. The public authorities have an arithmetic of their own; a multiplication table that bends to circumstances; figures of which I do not wish to say, in denial of the proverb, that they lie, but which certainly prevaricate; columns susceptible of any footing up; operations which yield any result desired—divisions which produce the most unexpected quotients; reductions to the lowest terms which stagger an outsider; equations which set algebra to naught; and generally, a system of financial procedures which confound the ancient traditions about divisions and dividends, set down six and carry two, multiplicand and decimal fractions to such a degree that a figure does not know whether it is standing on its feet or its head, whether it is a 6 or a 9. However, the budget of the city balances. The total alone concerns us; with the items and the details we have nothing whatever to do.

When the Pope fled to Gaeta, in 1848, the clergy of Notre Dame des Victoires, in this city, offered up prayers and instituted a perpetual mass for the restoration of the Papal power and authority. The Pope, when he got back to Rome, ordered two gold and bestudded crowns to be made for the statues of the Virgin and the infant Jesus, at the church of Notre Dame. The ceremony of offering these crowns to the curé of the church has taken place this week with great pomp. The church was magnificently decorated, and all the princes and dignitaries of the church in or anywhere near Paris were present. Addresses were delivered and tears shed. The crowns were then placed upon the heads of the Virgin and Child, and Father Coral pronounced a sermon.

FRANCO.

New Publication.

DE BOW'S REVIEW, for August, has been received. It contains articles on several of the leading topics of the day; some of which we shall probably notice soon.

Applications for this Review can be made to FRANK TAYLOR, bookseller, in this city.

The *National Democrat*, at New York, denies that Colonel Forney is shortly to take charge of that paper.

THE CHOLERA NEAR HARPER'S FERRY.—The cholera has broken out among the boatmen on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, above Harper's Ferry.

RAILROAD LABORERS.—There is a demand for laborers on all the various railroads now making near Wheeling—the Cleveland and Pittsburgh, Marietta and Cincinnati, Central Ohio, and Hempfield. It is said the latter road offer to pay \$1 per day.

The editor of the *Woonsocket Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brick-yard—the hen is not for sale."

[FOR THE REPUBLIC.]

Lines

Suggested on the Death of JONES, youngest Son of ROBERT W. and CATHERINE G. LATHAM, who departed this life on the 18th instant, aged one year and eight days.

In the budding of thy beauty,
In the dawning of thy day,
In the vestibule of being,
Sweet spirit, called away,
To thine everlasting slumber,
To the grave's encircling love;
To the fadeless bowers of Heaven,
To the cherub lands above.

'Twas a note of music wafted
From the angelic choir on high—
'Twas a roselike, ethereal straying,
From the gardens of the sky.
Like a sunbeam on the fountain,
Bright and transient was its stay;
Like the mist upon the mountain,
Early it has passed away.

As a heavenly vision blending
With the shades where mortals pine,
As a blissful dream descending
From the temple's inner shrine:
Glowing in immortal beauty,
Thou upon our path didst light,
Leaving but remembered sweetness,
Thou hast fled our aching sight.

Peace come to thee, young mother—
Peace to thy bursting heart—
For even whilst thy throbbings
Send remembrance it apart,
And death's stern kiss falls coldly
Upon thy child's fair brow,
Yet o'er thy pathway daily
An angel watches now.

M. J. W.

SHANNONDALE SPRINGS, July 23.

OFFICIAL.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, July 23, 1853.

Information has been received at this Department, from the United States Consul at Smyrna, that the quarantine regulations of Turkey require that every vessel leaving a port of the United States, bound to Smyrna, should be provided with a bill of health from the proper authorities, in which the exact number of persons on board must appear; and in case the vessel on her voyage out should put into an intermediate port, any alteration that may take place in the number of the crew or passengers by death, accident, &c., must be noted in a bill of health given by the health officer of such port, or by a Consul of the United States; in default of which the vessel is obliged to perform ten days quarantine. Should the intermediate port be one of Greece, the bill of health from the health office is not sufficient, but it must be certified by an American Consul, or by the consul of some other power at peace with the United States, otherwise the vessel is required to perform a quarantine of twenty-one days. When a vessel is bound from one Turkish port to another, the bill of health must be taken from the Turkish health office of the port of her departure.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, July 23, 1853.

Information has been received from the United States Consul at St. John's, Puerto Rico, that the government of the island has determined to enforce strictly the quarantine laws of the island, whereby all vessels coming to the different ports in Puerto Rico are required to produce bills of health, with the certificate of the Spanish consul attached, if there is one at the port of departure; otherwise they will be subjected to a rigorous quarantine, and incur heavy expenses.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, July 23, 1853.

Information has been received at this Department from the United States Consul at Frankfurt that a reduction in the rate of duties on certain articles imported into the States of the Zoll-Verrein went into effect on the 1st instant, to wit: Tobacco leaves and stems from the present rate of 5½ rix dollars to 4 rix dollars per cwt.

French brandies from 16 rix dollars to 8 rix dollars per cwt.

Wines in casks from 8 rix dollars to 6 rix dollars per cwt.

Coffee from 6½ rix dollars to 5 rix dollars per cwt.

Teas from 4½ rix dollars to 8 rix dollars per cwt.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, July 23, 1853.

Information has been received at this Department from the United States Consul at Carthage, in New Granada, of the death in that city, on the 31st of May, of AMBROSE A. MORTON, of Boston.

Further information can be obtained on application to this Department.

MASSACHUSETTS JUDICIARY.—The Constitutional Convention, on the 21st instant, adopted an amendment limiting the terms of justices of State courts to ten years. The various propositions to elect by the people, to require confirmation by the State Senate, and to make the term of office seven years, were defeated.

The assessed property in St. Louis, Mo., for the year 1853, amounts to \$39,397,186 33—an increase of between one and two millions over the previous year.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The passenger train due here at 7 o'clock on Thursday last, we understand, ran over a two-horse team near Chateaugay, killing both horses, and leaving the driver seated on his load uninjured.

When the same train had arrived within about three miles of the Ogdensburg station, the rod attached to the crank gave way, and one of the fragments went through the boiler at every revolution; letting out the steam and hot water, blowing the contents of the fire-box out, and driving wood from the tender back against the baggage-car. The fireman and engineer were thrown from the locomotive, and the train ran over a mile before it was stopped. Both were considerably though not seriously injured.

[Ogdensburg Sentinel.]

THE LUMBER TRADE OF DETROIT.—Forms a heavy item of business. The *Tribune* has been looking into the lumber statistics, and finds that the lumber saved in the city amounts to over 35,000,000 feet, besides the immense quantity of lumber manufactured, worth, at a low valuation, \$500,000. One establishment sells annually half a million dollars' worth of lumber, shingles, laths, &c.; and the firm of Messrs. Smith, Dwight & Smith, at one of their Detroit mills, cut over 3,000,000 feet of lumber and 1,800,000 laths annually.

ARRESTS.—Seven laborers have been arrested and committed to the Frontenau, Virginia, jail, charged with murdering the man whose body was recently found lying across the railroad track near Fetterman, and cut to pieces by a passing train.

MR. E. D. CULVER, whose mysterious disappearance from Williamsburgh was noticed the other day, has "turned up." The *Tribune* says he returned to his family on Tuesday.

The *New York (Democratic) Post* thinks that "when the Washington Union shall have read all the Free-soilers out of the Democratic party at the North, the Democratic party will have very little flesh, blood, bones, or gristle left."